Rockledge, Sept. 18, 1873.

My dear Wendell!

Frank and I arrived home safely on Saturday night from our excursions to the mountains—and beyond. Beware how you allow yourself to be persuaded to buy an "excursion ticket"! It may lead to other enticements which in the end may severely test the contents of your wallet. Thus—we took such a ticket (half price) for North Conway, intending to go no further; and estimating the total expenses of our trip at not exceeding seventy dollars. Sacrificing that ticket, we enlarged the boundaries of our sight-seeing till we run up a bill of one hundred and sixty dollars—about nine dollars a day—during nine days' absence. And yet we are not sorry. Nay, although it seemed to be paying somewhat dearly for the whistle, yet the whistle itself proved so entertaining that we feel quite satisfied

with the purchase. The way it happened was this (perhaps William or Frank has already told you the story—I know not). William having joined us at North Conway, we concluded (having seen what is noteworthy in that charming locality) to push on to the Glen House, and ascend Mount Washington together. Thirty years had elapsed since I stood upon the summit of that "rising ground," in company with my old friend and co-worker N. P. Rogers; but neither William nor Frank had at any time made the ascent. I was curious to try the road made from the base to the top of the mountain by engineering skill and daring; and, accordingly, we took our seats in the carriage, to which were affixed six good horses, and in few hours found ourselves in the spacious parlor of a first-class hotel, in vision sweeping the horizon in all directions, and seeing no end to mountain ranges in New Hampshire and Vermont, which lay "like leviathans afloat," and

having good though not perfectly clear views in the direction of Portland, ocean-bound. We came down in one hour and a half, delighted with the jaunt, and not at all fatigued. Next, we went to the Gorham House, because it was there William was to take leave of us, and go to Portland for business purposes. He wished us to proceed to Jefferson, and thence to the Franconia Notch, and we altered our slate accordingly; but, meeting at the hotel some charming travelling companions on their way to Montreal and Quebec, we voted to accompany them to Montreal, and then to go to Rouse's Point by rail, take the steamer down glorious Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga, and thence to Lake George from one end to the other. Montreal impressed us favorably as a beautifully located, solidly built, and well laid-out city, and we greatly enjoyed our drive around the mountain which makes a conspicuous figure in the back-ground.

My expectations as to Lake George were somewhat highly raised by Frank's descriptions, to say nothing of common fame, but they were more than realized, even after seeing the Swiss Lakes, and the beautiful Winnipesaukee. I have never seen a Lake so completely embraced by mountains, which come down to the water's edge in a most loving manner. In it way it is unique and peerless. I forget whether you have seen it or not. Everything favored us in the matter of weather and sight-seeing, and we returned home grateful for the opportunity we had had of seeing beauty and grandeur on such an extended scale.

George's and Annie's wedding-day is rapidly approaching, and to the happiness of the occasion will be the pleasure of seeing yourself, dear Lucy, and the darling baby daughter. Your mother is much improved in health, but I am troubled with influenza. Love to the household as one.

W. L. G.